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LOSING AND FINDING:

A Memorial Discourse,

SUGGESTED BY THE

DEATH OF MRS. GEORGE GOULD.

Preached at Jamaica Plain, Jan. 4, 1874,

BY

JOSEPH B. CLARK,

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

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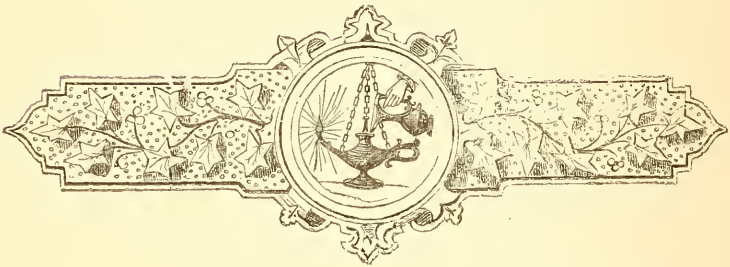
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NOTE.

AMELIA CLAREMOND GOULD (*née* TEMPLE) was born Nov. 7, 1834, in Woburn (now Winchester), Mass. Her education was obtained in the city schools of Worcester, and at Ipswich Female Seminary, which institution she left in 1857. After teaching in the Hancock School, Boston, she was commissioned by the American Board to take charge of the female boarding-school at Suk El-Ghurb on Mt. Lebanon. She sailed from Boston June 28, 1858, and arrived at Beirout Aug. 31 the same year. After nearly four years of service, broken by the civil war between the Druses and Maronites, she returned to this country in 1862. She was married to Mr. George Gould, July 28, the same year, and lived in Chelsea until March, 1867, when her home was transferred to Jamaica Plain. Her last sickness was long and painful, beginning in the early part of September, and terminating in death, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1873. Her end was peace. Her husband and two children, father, mother, seven brothers, and three sisters, live to mourn her loss. Her funeral was attended on the Tuesday following her death by a great company. The American Board, and the Woman's Board of Missions, were represented by many of their officers. The services were

conducted by the pastor of the church, and by a former pastor, Rev. F. B. Perkins, who paid a touching tribute to the memory of Mrs. Gould. Her body was laid to rest at Forest Hill in the assured hope of a glorious resurrection.



MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

“For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.” — MATT. xvi. 25.

THESE words mark the beginning of the last stage of our Lord's life on the earth. He was not many days now from his cross: its shadow was already entering his soul. Peter, the rash, had presumed to rebuke in his Master these sad premonitions: “Be it far from thee, Lord, these thoughts of suffering and death. Pity thyself. This shall not be unto thee.” Peter had not yet mastered the alphabet of Christianity: how much less had he spelled out that word in which its chief and profoundest law lies hidden, — the little word “love”! Nor was Peter the only ignorant disciple, if he was the boldest. This law, so soon to be enunciated on the cross, was as dimly apprehended by the other eleven as by the son of Jonas himself. Our Lord, therefore, turns from him, smarting under rebuke, and utters to them the words of the text: “Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.”

The Lord Jesus is not only foreshadowing here his own matchless sacrifice on Calvary, but he is also seeking to draw his disciples into some partnership with that act. There was no room to doubt his own devotion to this law of love. His very presence with them, his steadfast journey towards Jerusalem with full knowledge of what was before him, — these were proof that his love for men was perfect. His cross, in a

few days, was to set it before the world, and burn it into every page of human history.

But he does not wish to tread this path of love alone. He would have followers ; and therefore, " Whosoever of *you*," he declares, " whosoever of you, for my sake, will lose *his* life, as I am about to yield up mine, the same shall find and keep it forever ; but whosoever of you shall selfishly save it, — hoarding it as a miser hoards his gold, — the same shall lose it."

These words would be suggestive in any connection ; but coming as they do from the lips of Jesus just as he was entering the valley of his sacred sorrow, about to bind himself to the altar a world's sacrifice, they grow dense with meaning as we repeat them. We can well believe that in their true interpretation is to be found the germ, the constructive principle, of Christianity itself ; for here are brought face to face the two laws which are cleaving society and dividing the world to-day : on the one hand, the law of unregenerate nature, which declares, " Love thyself, take care of thyself, husband thy life, and enjoy it ;" and on the other hand, in sharp conflict with it, the law of unselfish love, pointing its finger to the cross of Jesus, and exclaiming, " For his sake love thy neighbor, lose thy life, and thou shalt find a better."

Here, then, or we mistake the meaning of the New Testament, here is the seed divine which Christ came to bring, died to plant, and lives to bless and prosper. Upon this law every true church is founded. Out of it grows every missionary board. Not an organized effort of benevolence can be named which is not true in its elements to this law of Christ. The cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple, has its reward, because it is an illustration of this principle. The world grows better as it grows by this pattern set upon the cross ; and the millennium will have come just when the truth of this idea is universally acknowledged, and when its practice is perfect in every human heart and life.

The truth of these words comes to us to-day enforced by a living example. Yes, living ; for, thank God ! the good never die. The spirit lingers after the body has passed. It is part of the very truth of our theme, that a life given in any way for others never dies out of the love and memory of men. It is even thus that the good find and keep their lives.

I may speak the more freely of Mrs. Gould, her life and character, because nothing of what I am about to claim for her did she ever claim, even in her secret thoughts, for herself. She was uniformly distrustful of her own powers and virtues. Christian activity and Christian modesty vied with each other for pre-eminence in her character. It would be hard to say which was the more conspicuous, — the amount of good she attempted and did, or the utter unconsciousness of merit, the almost second nature, with which it was done. Her single example might have suggested the sentiment which a recent English visitor addressed to one of our reform schools : “ Do all the good you can, and make no fuss about it.” It certainly reflected that higher sentiment of the New Testament, “ Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.”

She was next to the youngest in a family of thirteen children, and almost the first to finish her course. Father and mother, seven brothers, and three sisters, survive her.

Her childhood was marked by thoughtfulness beyond its years, and by extreme conscientiousness. Mingled with these sober traits, and always preventing their assuming a morbid control, was a remarkably keen sense of the comic side of life.

This gift began to show itself early. It sparkles through all her missionary letters written in distant Syria. It came to her relief in hours of crushing toil, and almost intolerable care, and even of mortal danger. It was the life of her home ; it was the entertainment of her friends ; and it was almost the last sense to feel the benumbing touch of death. It supplied to her nature that “ oil of joy ” which kept the busy wheels of her life running so long and so well.

The strong missionary tastes which mark her whole life began to develop in earliest childhood. Undoubtedly she owed much, in this regard, to nature : she was born with a heart keenly sensitive to the needs of her fellow-creatures. It is safe to say that she never did, for she never could, turn a dull ear to the cry of any human want.

This nature was happily cast into a Christian home. It was generously nurtured by a father and mother, both of whom had learned to look with Christian pity upon the heathen world. To these must be added the influence of letters constantly received in the family from Daniel Temple, a paternal uncle, who was then a devoted missionary of the American Board in Western Asia, and afterwards finished his course in his own land.

Coming to a knowledge of herself in such an atmosphere as this, it would have been safe, even then, to predict for her a missionary life at home or in foreign lands.

This, however, was before the time of her conversion ; yet already she had entered upon her missionary career. She brought her eyes down from distant China and Turkey to the streets of Worcester, which was then her home. Here were American Arabs, quite as needy and benighted as the wretched children of Syria themselves. Among them she began her apprenticeship as a foreign missionary. She stopped them in the street. She amazed them with questions which betrayed an interest in them. Though but a child of twelve years, we can all fancy the very tones of her voice, and the unmistakable sympathy of her manner, in these interviews. The pity of her lips was always the love of her heart. You who knew her well will not wonder that the ragged children of Worcester felt the spell, and followed the leading of her gentle hand.

It became thus a common thing, on her way, to sabbath school, to go through the " north end " of the city, picking up any chance estrays, and winning them, by that magnetism which

she possessed over the young, into places of Christian instruction. Thus early was the girl mother to the woman.

In her fourteenth year occurred her supposed conversion ; but, for the first year of a new life, it was full of clouds and darkness. I have not the particulars of her experience ; but I imagine it was one which a very conscientious girl might have suffered from a false, or at least an unhappy treatment. For months she remained, in her own language, "under the law," tormented by her exacting conscience with ideals of obedience which she could not reach. It was only slowly that she came into the clearer light and peace of the gospel of grace ; and not for a long time after did she trust implicitly in the genuineness of her Christian hope.

It must have been some memory of these dark days that brought her to my house, within the past year, in a state of mental wonder at the ease with which many of our youth were finding and following Christ. Remembering her own troubled experience, she could not understand it. She seemed satisfied, however, at length, with the answer, that it was a poor way of showing one's sincere desire to obey Christ to sit down for weeks and months in ashes before a duty which he commands to be done at once.

In her sixteenth year, this trembling faith was confessed : she became a member of the Union Church in Worcester, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Smalley.

With this act, her life of Christian service was inaugurated. She seemed penetrated, from the first, with the call of her Lord for labor. An empty confession of faith, unsupported by the works of a disciple, did not satisfy her ideal of the Christian life. The creed of her church she honored and studied and believed ; but *her* creed must blossom also into kind words and loving deeds for men. In every person she saw, she seemed to discern the Lord himself, calling for her love and help.

Her education was obtained in the city schools of Worcester, and at Ipswich Female Seminary. One report comes back from them all. The picture is the same, whatever frame encloses it: it is that of a girl thoughtful, faithful, conscientious, affectionate; distrustful of herself, yet always spending that self for others; quick to acquire knowledge, and gifted with a remarkable taste for languages; winning and magnetic in all her intercourse with teachers and fellow-pupils.

It was during her school-days in Worcester that she became a sabbath-school teacher, — an office in which her whole soul delighted, and which she was permitted to hold until death.

Her first choice of a field for this kind of labor was characteristic: it was the "Pine-Meadow Sunday School," so called, — a mission in the north-east part of the city. Her class was of boys, all foreigners, of a rude and irrepressible age. But she soon magnetized them with her love; and the strange sight was to be seen every sabbath day, — a small mob of Irish boys lying in wait at her door, contending for a place of honor at her side, yet all happy to escort their beloved teacher to her post.

It was soon after this that she was engaged as a teacher in one of the public schools of the city. And an incident of this period has come to my knowledge, which illustrates again her missionary spirit. Her school was made up of some of the best children of the city. Her success had been gratifying, or would have been to any other person; but her heart was elsewhere. She finally came to the committee, and voluntarily requested that she might be transferred from her well-ordered school of clean and civilized pupils to a very difficult school, attended mostly by foreign children, who had worn out many teachers. The only ground on which she based her request was the love and pity she felt for them, and the fear that highly-trained teachers were not fitted to do them good. The committee were prudent enough to discern her spirit, and to grant

her desire. They never regretted it. The school, which had been the talk of the town for its rudeness, became, under her loving care, even more popular for its order and progress. It was a singular but not a slight testimonial to the value of her services, and especially to their unsectarian character, that, nineteen years ago this Christmas, the Catholic priest of the district sent his carriage to her door to convey her to the midnight mass, and, after the ceremony, to return her safely to her home. By the pure service of Christian love, she won this victory over bigotry itself.

It is plain, from the thread we have thus far followed, that this life will soon demand an enlarged sphere for its activity. The spirit that would give up a good city school which any teacher could keep, for a hard school in an out-district which but few could manage, and fewer still would love, — this was the very spirit of a foreign missionary in the bud.

Before me is lying the letter in which she applies to the American Board to be accepted as their servant. It is dated March 11, 1858.

“For several years, the subject of missions was one of deep interest to me. This interest gradually increased, until I resolved that I would engage personally in the missionary work, as soon as Providence should make the way plain before me. Most unexpectedly has an opportunity been given me to carry out this resolution. A few weeks since, it was proposed that I should go to Beirout to engage in the instruction of Arab girls. If it shall be the pleasure of the Board to employ me in that capacity, and Providence shall continue to favor my going, I shall esteem it my highest privilege to be allowed in this way to obey my Saviour’s command, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’”

Such a letter was never written in a moment of girlish enthu-

siasm : something more real than romance breathes in every line. It flows like the deep river : it does not gurgle like the shallow brook. Indeed, like the river itself, the desire, here so calmly expressed, had been fed for years by the springs among the hills.

She was accepted by the Board, and commissioned to take charge of the female boarding-school at Suk El-Ghurb, in Syria.

Among the testimonials received by the Board at this time, I transfer one, the carefully-drawn picture of a clergyman* who had lived for some years in her father's family, and who was noted for the justness of his opinions :—

“ If a good constitution, almost constant health, an active cultivated mind, a facility in acquiring, and skill in imparting, knowledge, a quick discernment of character, kind, conciliatory disposition, strict conscientiousness in things great and small, exemplary deportment in all social relations, early and consistent piety, an earnest purpose to do good, success in her endeavors, a modest opinion of herself, a just deference to others, with so much self possession and self-reliance as are needful for great efficiency in unlooked-for emergencies, — if these qualities contribute fitness for the contemplated charge, I think there can be no mistake in calling Miss Temple to assume its duties. She is indeed a rare young lady, and, in my opinion, would adorn any station she might be called to occupy.”

Transfer yourselves now, for a moment, to the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Land at Beirout, the seaport of Damascus, which is sixty miles in the interior. Six miles up from Beirout is the little village of Suk El-Ghurb, of four hundred inhabitants. Here was a missionary station, and, connected with it, the boarding-school, which our friend had been fitting herself to conduct. Suk El-Ghurb is on the western

* Rev. George Allen of Worcester.

slope of Mt. Lebanon, in the Druse district ; and the country for miles around is studded with numerous villages like itself. Above it rise the mountains with their snow-capped peaks. Every grade of climate may be passed, in a single journey from the sea to the top of Jebel Sunnen. The native poets of Syria have set the picture in these beautiful words : " Lebanon bears winter on his head, spring on his shoulders, and autumn in his bosom ; while summer lies sleeping at his feet." *

The Syria Mission, always one of the most difficult, was also one of the best equipped of the Board. Its founders are historic. Pliny Fiske, Levi Parsons, Jonas King, Eli Smith, — these names stand for eras of missionary history ; while the names of Goodell and Bird, Thomson and Van Dyck, Jessup and Calhoun, Ford and Bliss, are as familiar to the churches as the generals of a war become to the nation. They have themselves been generals in the holiest of human conflicts.

In a line of workmen thus illustrious, our friend commenced her foreign missionary life. Let no one dream that a young lady delicately trained, loving and beloved by a large circle, could make this vast change without a sacrifice. The intensest missionary zeal is often joined with an ardent love of home and friends. Indeed, the missionary who does not love his own land is not fit to leave it to evangelize foreign lands. If the parting to her had not been almost like death itself, she would have been less worthy of her high commission.

" My heart goes out to America, glad as I am to be here," was almost her first message home. Again and again she confesses to the homesickness of her strange position. " I had a good cry " is the frequent avowal of her letters, after some new privation had taught her the strangeness of her lot.

It was now that her faculty for extracting amusement from every thing served her well. From the confession of tears and homesickness, her letters bound into rollicking humor and

* Dr. Thomas Laurie's Historical Sketch of the Syria Mission.

irresistible descriptions, which, while they relieved her own sadness, comforted her distant friends.

Some months of studious toil were required before she could fairly enter on her work. A language, and a hard language, rose between her and her Arab girls ; but when, at last, feebly equipped in this regard, she stood on the threshold of her school, it was not the strange tongue which she was heard regretting. This great natural barrier seemed as nothing : she felt herself not too strange, but too sinful, to guide these darkened souls. "I wonder, she writes, "how I ever dared to come here ; but I would not return for a moment. Unworthy as I am, I do love my Redeemer more and more."

This shrinking, this personal distrust, were natural to her through life. Those of you who recall the energy with which she pushed her designs to their end will almost doubt this statement. But more than once in the past year, when in the very flush of success in some undertaking, I have known her to be trembling as on the verge of failure. Such a nature was her salvation from self-confidence. She never failed in any thing from too much trusting her own ability to do it.

I need not tell you she threw her whole soul into her work. Her pupils were not many ; but they had the same instincts with the poor children of Worcester. They knew who loved them, and they responded with touching affection.

"My heart is clinging so close to my work here," she writes, "that I sometimes fear I shall have to be disciplined to look beyond." There was something prophetic in the words ; for the discipline followed immediately. After less than eighteen months of labor, while her plans of good were in full progress, just as she had acquired a working knowledge of the strange tongue, war between the Druses and the Maronites broke out. The country was overrun with murderous bands. Lebanon smoked with burning villages. Thousands of the people were massacred. The missionaries and their families were exposed

to the same fate, and, in some instances, were actually slain. The station at Suk El-Ghurb was abandoned for the time ; and the missionaries and their helpers came down to Beirout for protection.

So ended her brief labors for the Arab girls of Mt. Lebanon. They were few, but few like the seeds of spring. Who, in the long seasons of God, may count the harvests? Only yesterday, there came to me a letter from the wife of the missionary * in whose family she lived, and in whose house the school was held.

"Of her work in Syria," she writes, "though it was short, I think I can truly say it yielded abundant and permanent fruit. Six of the girls under her care the longest are now useful Christian women, wives, and mothers. Four of them have the superintendence of girls' schools themselves."

A year of miscellaneous missionary labor followed at Beirout, broken by wars and rumors. The time was short, and the conditions specially unfavorable for any positive, permanent influence. Other duties, new relations, were beckoning her homeward : but, before leaving, she earned the benediction of souls whom she had helped ; and no reward, to a missionary, is sweeter than this. Within a few days of her death came a message from one in a distant State, who sailed with her from Beirout to America. "Tell her," writes this friend,— "tell her I can only repeat the words so many lips uttered *to her* as we left the Syrian shore, from old women, who said, ' Daughter, may peace go with you ! ' from young girls, who said, ' Dear teacher, may peace go with you ! ' "

I turn now to that part of her life which is the most dear to us, because it has mingled with our own. Yes, mingled : how true is the word ! There are lives which keep their narrow channels, and touch nothing but their own banks. Her life

* Mrs. Daniel Bliss.

has overflowed, and mingled, in some measure, with almost every life in this house.

How consistent have these later years been with the story of the past ! They are no separate chapter whatever : they have been but another fold of the seamless web of her character, unrolled before us. The little girl of twelve, sweetly persuading street-boys to sabbath school, has simply grown to a woman with the same spirit. The missionary to Syria has only changed her residence, keeping her office, and bringing her commission with her.

As a member of this church, she has identified herself particularly with three departments of service, — the sabbath school, the Maternal Association, and the missionary work.

How dear she has been and is to the little children of her infant class, you all know. The touching prayers which some of them have offered daily at their mothers' knees, during the last four months, would have saved her life, had not death held some better thing in store. I have tried to picture the sweet Christmas which one of that class and her beloved teacher have lately passed in heaven. It was the delight of this little girl, during the sabbath service, so to place herself in her father's pew, that her eyes might rest on her teacher's face : this was sabbath to her. One year, almost to a day, they have been separated by death ; and now, at length, in these holy days of the year, they are one again.

Her interest in the mothers' work was the natural consequence of her love for the children. Her own maternal instincts were strong and demonstrative. But she loved her children for Christ's sake, and sought to educate the maternal love of others to this Christian level. The last sabbath service she attended in this house was a mothers' service ; and, only because she could not miss a mothers' service, she dragged her feeble steps, against the advice of friends, to this place.

But chiefly remarkable among us has been her tireless interest in every form of missionary work. Not one of us, whatever zeal we claim, but will cheerfully yield the palm of enthusiasm in this department of service to her. Only the day before her last sickness began, the apology she offered to her sister for overtaking her strength in the cause was this : " You know it is my life-work." Indeed it was her life-work.

One plan carefully matured by her last spring, and which was to have been carried out this winter, was a plan to interest all the children personally in the subject of missions. The children's missionary service held in the church last summer, and addressed by one of the secretaries of the Board, was the first instalment of a scheme, all of whose parts lay complete in her mind. During the past year, too, I think I may say that she alone inspired the ladies of this congregation to assume the support of one female missionary in foreign lands, — a work, I am sure, to be sacredly finished now in memory of their dear friend.

She hailed, from the first, the formation of a woman's board of missions for the elevation of her own sex in heathen lands ; and it was not strange that so true a friend should have been an early officer of the new organization. An honorary office she would not have filled, nor an office requiring much public effort (diffidence and self-distrust would have forbidden) ; but, if some place of obscure and unpaid work demanded a victim, she was ready for the sacrifice. Such has been the nature of her employment as one of the secretaries of the Woman's Board. Days and weeks of time has she given, by her presence, by her counsel, by her pen, to further the interests of this society ; and it was the beautiful and touching memorial of her associates that stood near her casket on the day of her burial, — a broad ground of white pinks, on which was traced in sweet violets the loving inscription, "*Our Sister.*"

We often hear the employment of women in any public ser-

vice deprecated, as if it involved a necessary loss to their families and homes. This was never true of Mrs. Gould. She did a great service outside of her own home ; but it is the testimony of one who would have been the first to feel the loss, that "she never neglected her home-duties for any other duties." How she found time to do all, and do it so well, is a mystery to be solved only by love ; for what we love to do we always find time to do.

Over this busy, fruitful life, there settled, at length, a shadow, which proved to be the edge of the shadow of death. A short rest by the sea in the summer had wonderfully restored her strength ; and she returned with many plans for the year mapped out in her mind. She had begrudged herself the very repose she had taken. "This is a lazy life," she would often say in August. "I ought to be at home and at work." The first sabbath after the close of the summer-vacation, she was in her pew ; and since then her face has not been seen among us.

To say here that Mrs. Gould died the death of a Christian is to state a fact in its feeblest form. She died a victor over death. In the first interview I held with her after the fatal nature of her sickness was known to herself, she met me with a smile. My own heart was sad at the change which a few weeks had wrought.

"I am glad to see you smile," I said. "Smile," was her reply : "why should not a Christian smile? I have every thing to make me glad."

Soon a shade of anxiety crossed her face. She had been troubled, I was told, by some decline of interest among the ladies in the support of their missionary abroad.

"Tell the people," she said earnestly, with broken breath, — "tell the people to keep up their interest in foreign missions and in the Maternal Association."

On assuring her that we would try to do both for Christ's sake, and in memory of herself, she seemed content. Friends, I bring you the dying request. Will you not cherish and fulfil her last desire?

Her faith in the providence of God, always strong from a child, was remarkably developed in her long sickness. It became at last the common answer to every question, great or small, that troubled her, "Well, the Lord will provide;" and with that her own care seemed to vanish.

At times, in the night, she was heard repeating the promises of Scripture, and pleading them in her own earnest way: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; *never*." "Lord, I *do* believe this: I *will* trust thee."

It is the same sentiment in her favorite hymn, — "The Portuguese Hymn," — which always thrilled her spirit: —

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!"

At times, even in the valley of shadows, the old spirit of mirth would spring up, and life would turn to her its amusing side.

The marvellous forethought for others which marked her whole life was shown almost in the dying-hours; as when she expressed a hope that "death might not tarry so long that her burial would spoil the children's Christmas."

On the last evening of life, when the end was evidently near, she said to her dearest friend, "I am ready to go, — all but leaving you." She afterwards withdrew even that exception, and commended all the little circle to the Lord: "He will provide."

This was almost her last conscious act and word. Slowly through the night, and through the forenoon of the following

day, the deep-seated life let go its hold fibre by fibre ; and, just as the afternoon clock struck the hour "one," her freed spirit began the life unmarked by hours, and without end.

To sum up briefly the salient points of this character : Her personal piety was deep and broad, affording a firm foundation for the structure of her whole life. Her consecration to Christian service was singularly thorough and complete. Her intellect was acute, especially in its perceptive faculties : these, guided by her love, made her wondrously quick to anticipate the wants of others, and ready to devise means of help. Her sympathies were rooted deeply in the heart ; but they spread very near to the surface, — so near, that they were easily touched : they were wide awake at the first call. Her plans were never half made. What she found to do, her zeal and energy pushed, and her indomitable will accomplished ; yet, with all this executive force, she trembled with personal distrust, and believed everybody's way was better than her own.

As a mother, she showed remarkable tact in governing her children. She never lost sight of the fact that they had immortal souls ; and it was her constant endeavor to present gospel truth in such a form as to make it attractive to them. She aimed particularly to make the sabbath a delight. " Her rehearsals of Bible stories in language adapted to their age, which always occupied the sabbath evenings, were looked forward to by the little ones with eagerness and delight."

In her last sickness, when speaking of the possibility of not recovering, she said to her husband, " If I am taken away, I want you to talk much to the children about Jesus. I do not want religion to be to them a mere Sunday affair, but a part of their every-day life."

As a friend, how many call her blessed ! How many sick-beds bear witness to her cheery, ready sympathy ! How many obscure homes, in danger of neglect, has she sought out and visited ! How many faithful words she has spoken ! — not always easy to speak, nor pleasant to receive.

Pardon a personal allusion. I have been her pastor only one year. When the question of accepting your call was dividing my mind, a message from her (sent through a common friend), and a promise of future sympathy and help, were thrown into the trembling scale ; and I am conscious they had great weight in deciding the question. I have never regretted the choice : she has never forgotten to redeem the promise. I cherish it among the choice memories of my life that I was privileged to minister at her dying-bed, and to be assured to the last of her affectionate regard.

Behold this life ! — spent, but preserved ; scattered along every wayside, but returning with multiplied harvests. Behold this life ! — sacrificed for others, yet saved ; lost for Christ's sake, yet garnered by his hand, and kept forever.

May God give us wisdom to interpret in the light of this story the deep meaning of these words of Jesus : “ Whosoever will save his life shall lose it ; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.” The Lord teach us to lose and find, to die and live. Amen !





